He reades the Letter.

Seigneur Martino, *and his wife and daughters: County* Anselme *and his beautious sisters: the Lady widdow of* Vtruuio, *Seigneur* Placentio, *and his louely Neeces:* Mercutio *and his brother* Valentine: *mine vncle* Capulet *his wife and daughters: my faire Neece* Rosaline, Liuia, *Seigneur* Valentio, *and his Cosen* Tybalt: Lucio *and the liuely* Helena.

A faire assembly, whither should they come?

Ser. Vp:

Ro. VVhither to supper.

Ser? To our house.

Ro, VThose house?

Ser: My Maisters.

Ro. Indeede I should haue askt you that before.

Ser, Now Ile tell you without asking. My maister is the great rich *Capulet*, & if you be not of the house of *Mountagues*, I pray come and crush a cup of wine. Rest you merry.

Ben. At this same auncient feast of *Capulets*,
Sups the faire *Rosaline* whom thou so loues:
VVith all the admired beauties of *Verona*,
Go thither and with vnattainted eye,
Compare her face with some that I shall shew,
And I will make the thinke thy swan a crow.

Ro, VVhen the deuout religion of mine eye,
Maintaines such falshood, then turne teares to fier:
And these who often drownd, could neuer die,
Transparent Heretiques be burnt for liers.
One fairer then my loue? the all seeing Sun
Nere saw her match, since first the world begun.

Ben: Tut you saw her faire none else being by,
Her selfe poysde with her selfe in either eye:
But in that Christall scales let there be waid,
Your Ladies loue against some other maid,
That I will shew you shining at this feast,
And she shall scant shew well, that now shewes best.

Ro. Ile goe along no such sight to be showne,

But

But to reioyce in splendor of
Enter Capule

Wife, Nurse wher's my da
Nurse, Now *by my maiden*
come, what Lamb, what Ladi-bir
Where's this Girle? what Iuliet.

Iuliet. How now who calls
Nur. *Your mother.*
Iuls. Madam I am here,
Wife. This is the matter. N
talke in secret. Nurse come
me, thou'se heare our counsel
of a prety age.
Nurse. *Faith I can tell her ag*
Wife Shees not fourteene.
Nurse. *Ile lay fourteene of my*
I haue but foure. Shees not fourte
How long is it now to Lammas ti
Wife. A fortnight and od
Nurse *Euen or odd, of all da*
night shall she be fourteene. Susan
were of an age. Well Susan *is wit*
as I said on Lammas *Eue at nig*
shee marrie, I remember it we
eleuen yeares, and she was weand
of the yeare vpon that day: for
dug sitting in the Sunne vnder th
you were then at Mantua, *nay I a*
when it did tast the worme-woo
felt it bitter, prety foole, to see it
Shake quoth the Doue-house, two
end since that time it is a leuen ye
may bi throode she could haue ru
the day before she broke her brow

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Romeo and Juliet* (STC 22324) LONDON, 1609 THE BRITISH LIBRARY (C.34.k